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We desire to procure the services of a local agent in every Postoffice District in the State. Will our friends act, or procure the services of some efficient man in our behalf? Believing that the circulation of the Democrat may be materially extended, we make this appeal to our friends in its behalf.

The question upon every lip is, what can we do? Friend asks from friend, and neighbor from his neighbor. How are we to awake the dull lethargic ears at Washington to know the ruin in which they have involved the country? What madness, what insanity possesses them, that they are now blind to the awful consequences of their pestilential course? Is blood a mere puddle, that is to be spilled in gutters, in trenches; to be mopped up with paper declarations? Is the cry of agony, of intense suffering, to be drowned out in verbose speeches about the blessings of emancipation?

This is no idle frenzy of political feeling. It is based upon deeper feelings. It is the utterance of deep, earnest, loyal and devoted patriotism. It is the blending of deep and violent indignation at the horrible atrocities of the present Administration, and a devoted love of country. It speaks the united sentiment of the whole people. Will it be heard at Washington, or is the President bound hand and foot to the triumphal car of fanaticism—that car whose wheels run crosswise with the nobles, best blood of the land, until we can almost hear in every household the crash of the shattered bones, like glass, and see the field reeking with tattered flesh, or rotting with the bodies of our gallant dead.

It is no mythical number. It is no imagined men; the fevered creation of the brain. The long row of names represents each a murdered hero. We speak reflectingly; the battle of Fredericksburg was nothing else but murder—a terrible murder.

It is not the "twenty millions" in buckram, a ghostly company of imagined men, the confection of a delirious brain, who address the President now. It is the twenty millions of American fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, the hosts of whom he is the leader, and whose deepest hearts hang on his disposal, that now call on him. Some of them—how many can tell?—have been praying on bent knees, for five days and five nights, for the boys that are on the battle field. Some of them—the fearful number far exceeds his wildest imaginings—have through those days and sleepless nights been weeping in agony for the dead who died—oh, how vainly!—on that bloody plain to which his counsels sent our bravest and best for certain slaughter.

Eight hundred thousand soldiers have more than eight millions of relatives and friends who hold him, and only him, responsible for every life thrown away on fruitless battlefields, fought on the orders of those men who control his counsels and determine his policy.

We know now, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the Administration at Washington is responsible for this awful calamity, as it has been for all the disasters of the war.

If there were any plain constitutional method of compelling the resignation of President and Vice President, and placing a new man in the seat of Abraham Lincoln, the people would demand that. They are a Constitution-loving people to-day, as they have been throughout the war, and they recognize the necessity, the duty of standing firmly by the President as long as he remains President. But if Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin should resign, and Congress order a new election at once, there can be no doubt that the people of the United States would accept the event as the consummation of their most ardent desires and the means of saving the nation. They do not expect that. But they do expect a total change of policy, and they must and will have it.

Our readers have seen that there is a general disturbance of everything at Washington. There has been caucusing among the Republicans, and finally they have concluded, says one report, to oust Seward, and afterwards Bates and Blair. Smith has already resigned. Seward resigned, and though his resignation was not accepted, he and the Assistant Secretary of State have coolly taken the matter into their own hands by refusing to attend at the State Department. With all of these rumors, each confirming the other, we may conclude that the whole Cabinet has blown up—a piece of intelligence that will afford the highest gratification to the country; for although they have been conservatives in the Cabinet, it has been long since they had any influence.

The positive benefit derived is a change, but whether it will be really advantageous in the end, may be doubted. The resignations have been caused by radicals, and we presume they will retain their ascendancy in the new cabinet.

The amiable manner in which they have been getting along is shown by the following harmonious scene depicted in Sunday night's dispatches: "Messrs. Blair and Stanton have been quarreling with Halleck, and, at a recent Cabinet meeting, Halleck was violent in his abuse of Stanton, and was stopped by the President."

The telegraph announces, also, that Gen. Burnside has not resigned, but lays the blame of his defeat upon Halleck, it appearing that the latter suppressed an order from the President leaving in discretionary with him to cross the river or not. Additional news is the removal of Halleck and Meigs for incompetency.

This is what we expected. The question is, are we to profit by the severe lesson we have learned, or, to gratify an insane feeling of fanaticism, are we to sacrifice still more lives? The President has a higher duty to perform now. He has to emancipate himself from the hands of those who have been misleading him. If he succeeds in doing this he will have accomplished far more than all he can effect by his vain attempts at negro emancipation.

The country, by the disasters of last

week, and by the voice of a great majority of the people, demands that conservative men shall be appointed to office in the field and Cabinet. That wish must be gratified; that demand must be responded to.

The news from Washington doesn't take the country entirely by surprise. Reading the dispatches from Seward to Adams, our Minister to England, we rather wonder that he has remained so long in the Cabinet. He certainly repudiated some of the prominent ideas which have been adopted by the President. There will probably be an entire change in the Cabinet, but, according to rumors, not for the better.

They seem to belong at Washington to a class of people that never learn by experience. They blindly follow their radical programme.

Well, if the change is not to be entirely for the better, let it be radical all over. The sooner the people understand the whole matter, the sooner they will apply the constitutional correction. What is coming, however, we do not know, and it is idle to conjecture.

Halleck and Stanton have not resigned, but it is high-time they had done so. Their conduct of the war is the worst possible. A change that does not embrace them will be very useless.

Seward is now out, and he is out with no good feeling for the radicals of his party. If the President accommodates these radicals, we should like to know where he will find a support. He will be a President emphatically without a party. His policy will be that of an insignificant faction.

But we shall not speculate. We are to have a new deal now; no help for it.

It was reported that Attorney-General Bates was preparing an elaborate article showing, contrary to the opinion of the Supreme Court, that a negro may be a citizen of the United States.

If this were so, this country occupies a shameful position. We began by authorizing a trade in citizens for twenty years. We have authorized all the while the slavery of citizens of the United States, and the inter-State trade in citizens. We have in our Constitution required these citizens to be returned to their masters if they escaped into other States. Our States are allowed to refuse to citizens of the United States the right to live in their borders.

And now the President proposes that we buy up these citizens at a vast expense, and colonize them at a vast expense.

Did ever a country on earth treat its citizens? King Dahomey may do so, perhaps, but he is a solitary example.

We think it well for Bates that he has suddenly left the Cabinet before he put forth such a production. He did enough for his fame when he threw himself away in a document to prove that the President had a right to suspend the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus. The other exploit, showing how the United States have treated their citizens, is too much—too much.

We learn, from a source entitled to credit, that the Secessionists of a portion of Fayerweather and other counties in this Congressional District have agreed upon a plan by which they hope to play foul in the approaching election. They have seen President Lincoln's letter, and they are wondering congressional election. But they do not "make up" the plan.

Who made the wretched wits? And not a string is cut in them.

From your city. The music was such good dancers take delight in—loud enough to speak distinctly to the ear, soft enough to impress the heart with gentle feelings, and lively enough to make all have an itching to.

"Come and trip it as you go,"

On the light lightning toe."

Of course the title of the county was presented. The beauty of this county and Lebanon was gatenged there, and the chivalry of this portion of the state. The ladies seemed fully to remember her.

Women were made to give our eyes delights—A young siren is an adorable sight.

Mr. Green is a good dancer as testily as Parisians. Among the damsels we particularly noted the elegant Miss S.—of Bowlinggreen, a diamond of the purest water, the beautiful Miss G.—of Lebanon, decidedly one of the most splendid dancers in the house; the fascinating Mrs. Colonel G.—; the pretty and tastily splendid Miss S.—of Louisville; the bewitching Miss L.—and Mrs. W.—of Boyle, and the charming Miss C.—of Danville. Col. Hawkins, of the 12th, was particularly noticed for his many ladies present who did not participate in the dance. Among these we noticed no one so carefully as Miss L.—R.—of Marion county.

"Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,"

were enclosed in her actions and looks. The dancing was excellent, as you yourself would have said had you seen the "soft forms."

"Like gallant swimmers, flying high;
The bright green grass was around,
As in the role it mad him mount of the dance,
Mocking fatigue, that never could be found."

Mrs. S.—looked like one of the horri, crowned with rarest jewels, dancing to the music of the gods; while Miss G.— and Mrs. W.—of Boyle, and the charming Miss C.—of Danville, Col. Hawkins, of the 12th, was particularly noticed for his many ladies present who did not participate in the dance. Among these we noticed no one so carefully as Miss L.—R.—of Marion county.

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